

GOLDEN ARGOZY

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WITH THE FURY OF LONG IMPRISONED MONSTERS THE LOGS SURGED
FORWARD, AND THE NEXT MOMENT THAT ON WHICH
TOM HAD SPRUNG WAS STRUCK AND
TURNED OVER.

Tom's First Drive.

BY G. K. WHITMORE.

TOM MANFRED came bursting into the house one sunny afternoon in April, his face all aglow with enthusiasm.

"Mother, oh mother!" he called. "Where are you? I've got my chance at last."

"Why, Tom, what is it?" said a little woman in black, coming into the sitting room, her hands white with flour.

Sweet is the only adjective that will describe her face, and if anything was needed to increase its kindly expression, it was found in the love light that shone out of the gray eyes when they rested on her boy, handsome, strong, and his mother's devoted knight.

"I met Dr. Drake on my way from school," the latter went on excitedly. "He owns the saw mill at Crogg's Land

A Familiar Chat About Dogs.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

I HAVE met a few—a very few—men in my life who perhaps had general principles affected to dislike dogs. But I have yet to know a genuine boy who in some way or other is not a dog lover. Presuming that the Argosy's numbers among its readers a vast majority of genuine boys, it is principally to them I wish to speak, concerning the canines whose portraits are here reproduced by the artist.

Without saying much about any breed of dog that is affectionate, good natured and of ordinary intelligence, is a desirable appendage to the household containing the average boy. But there are a few of the choicer breeds that are still more desirable, and among them are those of which I purpose briefly to speak.

Number one in the left hand corner, is a "Dandie Dinmont"—a dog not as common in America as with our English cousins. The breed is said to cross between the Scotch terrier and the otter hound. This rather rare breed is what the sporting fraternity mention as a "fancy dog"—bringing a decidedly fancy price. I may add, one variety is reddish brown in color, while the other, considered, as I am told, as rather the more desirable, is bluish gray, with tan leg markings, and soft, silky forehead hair. These two varieties are severally known as the "mustard" and the "pepper." Whether the reason of their smartness or because variety is called the spice of life, I have not been able to discover.

The Dandie Dinmont, as might be expected from his terrier blood, is an enthusiastic rat catcher. In England he is noted for a remarkable tenacity when on the trail of the fox or rabbit. Speaking for myself, I have not as much sympathy for the chicken devouring fox, as for the vegetable gnawing rabbit. And I am not much in the mood of thinking, either form of so called "sport" has a certain element of trusty in it, more particularly the latter. Any one of average sensibility who has ever watched the pitiful cry of a hare wounded or worried by dogs, will—ought to bear me out in this.

The Dandie Dinmont's height is slightly disproportionate to his strength. Happily not so much so, as that of a distant relative—the Dachshund, of which I had meant to speak briefly. For the latter is the longest drawn out specimen of nature the victim selected by the artist for portraiture retreated into a section of four inches before he could be sketched.

Numbers 2 and 3 are both Scotch terriers of the canities type. No. 2, with a stiff upright tail, suggestive of lifting its tail by a hind leg, is what is known as the "hard haired" variety. Perhaps he is a type of the "original and only" Scotch terriers which in the earlier days were deadly foes to the fox, otter, magpie and wild cat, so hated and dreaded by the game keepers of the Scotch and English nobles and gentry. But No. 3 is the Scotch terrier most familiar to the general public. He is a result from a cross of No. 1 with the longer haired and longer bodied Skye terrier—at least so it is claimed. And if I were a boy again, I would prefer one of this latter breed to any dog alive. He is affectionate, intelligent beyond the average, tough, and easily whistled away from his master, which latter trait of itself is most desirable. He is not so much of a coward as is anything but a coward. But I hope the average boy for whom I am writing doesn't want a pet—something which a pet owner engenders a corresponding degree of brutality in its owner. And the four-legged brute is not supposed to know the rights and wrongs of such things, while the two-legged one does.

Number 4—the greyhound—is more essentially a dog of aristocratic breeding and surly nature. There is a certain semblance in his make up which I could never quite fancy. And speaking of him as he is more generally called, a "greyhound," I am sure the pet—the greyhound when in the open air does not seem to appear to advantage. The smaller variety, known as the Italian fawn color is most highly prized, shiver under their embroidery, and are more anxious to touching their feet to the plebeian soil. The larger

specimens, of which the illustration is given, have a sort of sloouch and furtive appearance in public. And yet they are affectionate, of noble nature, by no means devoid of intelligence, and are descended from a race of dogs which date back to the second century, and in the earlier stages of civilization were used in hunting the wild boar and even the wolf.

Number 5, the bloodhound, is a dog of little practical present day utility—excepting in connection with the somewhat romantic drama of a "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and not infrequently he is represented even in this connection by a smooth coated English mastiff, whose inferior

takes the place of the "collie," of whose wonderful intelligence in this particular field so many stories are told. While strongly attached to his master, the collie is particularly shy and reserved toward strangers. In this respect as a watch dog he is apt to be a trifle over zealous. Of later years they have been crossed with the Gordon setter, and those more common in America are the resultant breed.

Number 7 is the toy terrier. To speak plainly, the T. T. is a pet of somewhat abnormal development. Its origin may be traced to the desire for something new in the way of a house pet. The ordinary black and tan terrier

better adapted for house than out of door life. Number 9—the pointer. As far as is known, this valuable breed is descended from a cross of a Spanish with the English foxhound of nearly a century ago. His specialty—if it may so express it—is pointing the bird in the near location of winged game by assuming an attitude which literally points in the direction from which the bird is coming. He may be "flushed." To this end a certain amount of training under a practical sportsman, accompanied by a dog of the same breed, is of course a prerequisite. The peculiar instinct to this end is not shared by any other breed.

Number 10 and 11 give us two birds of "point" at chickens, pigeons, and even sparrows at least to four months of age, according to Vero Shaw, who is universally regarded as one of the best authorities on the subject.

Numbers 12 and 13 give us two respectively of the ordinary and the black Newfoundland dog. As is well known, the specialty of this most admirable breed of dog is his love for—and prowess in—the water. Yet his size, his docility and intelligence, together with his power of attachment, not only to the thievish tramp, but to the most different sense to the household of which he is a part, makes the Newfoundland a most valuable acquisition simply as a watch dog. It is claimed that the pure colored Newfoundland should be jet black, while those varying in color are apt to be the result of a cross between the pure black and the St. Bernard. Yet the latter so called "cross" have nothing objectionable in its composition—nor indeed is it so regarded among dog fanciers.

Number 11, the wolf hound, is another dog not familiar to American eyes, excepting as occasionally seen in the dog shows, or kept by the owners of large estates and kennels. They are in general a large, heavily built dog, standing not seldom thirty or forty inches, having a wiry brindle brown coat and massive head. But the breed is not kept up to any extent, and is present day so far as is generally known, on either side of the water.

Number 12—the Irish setter—is a universal favorite, not only with sportsmen, but in most households where the presence of a dog is encouraged. As bred in America, a deep red without any intermingling of white seems to be the favored coloring. For powers of endurance and swiftness in the field, the Irish setter seems to be far off the palm, in addition to the fact that their natural instinct makes them more ready to field training than other breeds of setters. Some sportsmen prefer a cross of the Irish setter with the Gordon setter; but this is to some extent a matter of fancy.

And lastly, we have in No. 14 a facial illustration of the deerhound, whose descent is traced from the Irish wolf hound quite readily by experts in such matters. In the olden time, as may be surmised by the name, the deerhound was bred and used especially for coursing the red deer. To run down and pull down a full grown stag, required a dog of unusual strength and swiftness, and this was the characteristic of the deerhound of those days. In color, then, they varied from almost black down through the different darker shades to a cream and almost pure white. No doubt many of my readers have heard of the famous deerhounds which were the favorites of Sir Walter Scott, and some of whose direct descendants are now found in this country.

In later years the deerhound has been somewhat extensively bred, and, crossing with other varieties, has produced a dog of powerful build, symmetrical, and of the most knowledgeable and indomitable courage. And thus endeth my brief dog discourse.

THE NEWEST THING OUT.

"ANYTHING FRESH OR NEW THIS MORNING?" asked a reporter, while waiting at a railway station. "Yes," said the porter, standing near. "Yes, sir, quite," said the reporter, "but I don't think anybody man," rejoined the porter, eagerly, "what is it?" That was a keen asking question, guv'nor."

WORTH TRYING.

A LADY was once lamenting the ill luck which attended her affairs, when a friend, wishing to console her, bade her smile and say, "Oh," she cried, "there seems to be no bright spot." "Then polish up the dark side," was the reply.



A GROUP OF CANINE PORTRAITS.

breed is atoned for by his extraordinary size. Any person who has looked in what I may safely call the frowning face of a genuine bloodhound valued at a thousand or fifteen hundred dollars, and felt the peculiar cold chill consequent upon having him smell suspiciously at the calves of one's legs, is very apt to recognize the distinction. That the real bloodhound has been—and is occasionally at the present day—used in the pursuit of colored criminals is a fact, as also of colored and white convicts in Georgia, is too well known to need further comment.

Number 6 is what I may call a "domesticated" sheep dog or "collie," because originally bred for the purpose of guarding sheep from the present day. Indeed, Buffon, the great naturalist, with considerable show of traces from him the origin of every variety of the canine race. But in frequent crossings of breed, he has lost his original identity. Yet as a sheep dog, pure and simple, nothing

—smooth haired, sharp voiced, nervous and keen eyed, weighing from eight to fourteen pounds, became a trifle burdensome as a pet. So the London dog fanciers began a series of experiments resulting in the production of a dwarfed specimen of the black and tan. Some of these are a cross of the ordinary breed with the smaller Italian greyhound. Others are said to be artificially dwarfed by a certain diet in which gin and sugar is not unknown. But as a rule, the toy terrier is hardly desirable, excepting as a curiosity.

Number 8—the Yorkshire terrier, is essentially a lady's dog, though in general he is apt to be confounded with the harder and more commonplace Scotch terrier. But one of the true tests between the two is the difference of length and texture of the hair. That of the Yorkshire terrier is longer and silkier, and not infrequently has the shade of silvery blue peculiar to the Skye. Like its Scotch cousin, the Yorkshire is intelligent and affectionate, though

TRUE RICHES.

I am rich, if I possess
Such a fund of happiness,
And can find where I'll stray
Thrumble blessings on the way,
And deserve them ere they're given
By my gratitude to heaven.

[This story commenced in No. 275.]

Three Thirty Three;

ALLAN TRENT'S TRIALS.

By MATTHEW WHITE, JR.,
Author of "Eric Danby," "The Heir to White-
cap," "The Danby Boys," etc.

CHAPTER XX.

TENSROCK FALLS.

"ARE you sure there's nobody about the station, Al?" said Arthur, turning on his cap over his ears to keep the snow from sitting down his neck. "Perhaps the agent lives here, and has gone to bed."

"I don't see room for besides a ticket office," returned Allan. "Besides, if I did find him, that good fellow would do us."

"Why, we could get him to keep us over night, of course. I'll see as far as I can, see as soon as they start off this platform we plunge right into chaos. I don't catch a glimmer of light any where around, do you?"

"No, but there must be a town somewhere near, or there wouldn't be a station."

"Even if we find the town, though, the brakeman said there wasn't a hotel there open. And how we are to track our Beaver without a hotel register as a starting point, floors me."

"I suppose, I suppose I should say, as I don't see much prospect of our having anything else under our feet for some time to come. I'm as hungry as a menagerie straightened. I move we hold a council of 'what next?'"

"We certainly can't stay where we are," rejoined Allan, "picking up on the satchel and dusting our feet from it with his gloves."

"Let's make a strike for the forest, to the left, following the line of the ravine till we come to a house of some kind where we can get lodging for the night."

"Come on, then," cried Arthur. "Let me give you a hand on that bag; that'll keep us together at any rate. But which way do we start?"

"There's that east wind, white whirling about on all sides of us. How are we going to tell the forest to the ground I'd like to know?"

"That is a puzzle, isn't it? Let me see if I can't tell by the feel of things?" and Allan stooped from the platform on to the snow.

"Well, do you get bottom?" asked Arthur, turning his face to the wind, and speaking out of the storm on all sides of us.

"Of snow, yes," was the reply. "There must have been a hole in the ground when this storm began, so it all feels alike. Here, give me a hand, Art. We'll have to try another place."

"Come down to the lee side of the station till we decide on it, then. I feel as if I had better go on as a scout for the enemy to practice on small shot with. Br-r-r, and I'm cold, aren't you, old fellow?"

"I've been warmer; but as soon as we get started on a course we can exercise the blood back into action again. But look yonder, Art. Don't you sort of see an opening between those trees?" That must mean that there's a road there, don't you think so, Al?

up by running was found to be quite impracticable, owing to the depth of the snow; and very soon another, and still more serious impediment, put a check on anything like rapid progress.

"They were moving along as fast as they could when Arthur suddenly plunged forward and went head first into the snow, almost dragging Allan after him by means of the satchel of which they both had hold."

"I tripped—over a stump," he spluttered, half laughing, as his chin beat down to help him up. "We must be out of the road."

"I'm afraid we are," returned Allan, as, in stepping back, he struck his heel against something solid. "Now, then, shall we try it again?"

"No, thank you, not on this track," returned Arthur, making a stout out of the stump that had overthrown him, and pulling his chin down to a seat beside him. "There's no good in going it blind in this way. Let's sit quietly and think what fellows in a story would do in our case."

"But you mustn't keep still in a storm like this, Art. Don't you know the worst thing you can do? First thing you drop off to sleep, and that's the end of you."

"Yes, I know that; what it always says in books. But I'm afraid I've not got the stuff heroes are made of in me. I feel a great deal more like eating a commonplace breakfast than doring off into dreams about emerald fields and purring brooks the way the chaps do in print. Say, Al, wasn't that coffee good we had at Albany?"

"Yes, and we'll have a cup if we struggle on a little further. Let's go back on our

"Let me take a turn at the bag now," said Arthur. So the exchange was made.

"Be careful, Art," cautioned Allan. "Don't rush on so fast. There may be something ahead worse than stumps."

The noise of the waterfall was now clear at hand.

"We'll soon know where we stand, Al, and—"

Arthur had got so far in his encouraging report when, without a particle of warning, his feet slipped from under him and he disappeared from Allan's view.

The latter stopped short, in dumb amazement, and it was well for him he did so.

"Art, oh Arthur!" he called. "Where are you?"

There was no answer; only the splash, splash of the water, that now seemed just beneath him, and the sifting of the falling snow among the barren boughs overhead.

For an instant Allan's heart almost stood still. He had slightly advanced one foot and discovered that he was on the brink of a precipice. Over his arm had been undoubtedly fallen.

"Allan, stay!"

No sound had ever been more welcome to our hero's ears. Dead men—or boys—can't call out, nor would a badly injured individual be apt to put his cry into just that shape.

"Hello, Arthur! Where are you?"

"Here, at the bottom of this toboggan slide. Don't move an inch, Al, or you'll be on top of me."

"But where are you, and did you hurt yourself, and can't I help you?" cried down Allan, talking down into space, for he could see nothing.

"I'm all right," he called out. "I'm not hurt. I'm just a little dizzy."

"But how did you get there without killing yourself?"

"What on?"

"The safest most of the way. I expect that tooth wash of yours has made pink bars where our skirts by this time."

"And aren't you hurt at all?"

"My left shoulder's a little tender where it grazed a bit of rock that tried to detain me on the way down. That's all the matter with me except that I can't get up."

"Can't get up? What do you mean?"

"Can't get back there so as to take another slide if I wanted to. I've been trying my best to crawl up ever since I began talking to you and it's no go."

"What's the matter? Have you hurt yourself and don't want to tell me?"

"Great Hercules, don't attempt it, Al. I don't want you to drop on me. Besides, that will only make two to be got out of the trap instead of one. Nothing's the matter with me."

"All the talk of the slide. It's just like glass. For every half step I take I forward I take two whole ones back."

"But can't you go further down?"

"No, there's a rock right across the path. If I hadn't grazed, on that, other men and I

wild course braked up a little, I guess there wouldn't have been any Arthur talking back to you now."

"How far down are you? Have you any idea?"

"Anywhere from ten to twenty feet. No, my dear fellow, your suspenders couldn't possibly reach me. I don't see but I'll have to stay here till the ice melts. No, I won't budge. I've got an idea."

CHAPTER XXI.

MYSTERIOUS MUSIC.

AFTER Arthur's announcement that he had an idea, there was a strange silence down the ravine.

Allan waited impatiently at the top for an answer to his repeated queries of "What is it?" What are you doing down there? Finally a sharp exclamation of annoyance came floating up through the snow.

"I shaw! I've broken it off, and now I am done for!"

"What have you got broken, Art, and what in the name of wonder are you trying to do?"

"I'm trying to cut notches in the slide for my hands and feet, and now I've broken my knife. Got my fingers about frozen into the bargain. I didn't want to let you know what I was doing till I found out whether it would work or not."

"Look here, Art," responded Allan firmly, "you've got to be a little more of a man, and a little shorter, too. Have you gained anything by your notching business?"

Your voice sounds as if you were a little nervous. Here, take your hand as far as you can and see if I can't reach you with my knife."

"Hello, are those your digits?" called out Arthur the next instant. "Seems as if I hadn't touched them before in weeks."

"Here, here," he called out, sweeping his hand gently from side to side, and forth through space in the hope that it might be that of his chum.

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A PIERCING SCREAM WAS HEARD, AS A GIRL IN A GRAY GOWN POINTED TO THE WINDOW.

tracks till we come to where we got out of the road."

"Yes, let's go back to Brooklyn and start over again. That would be about as easy. If we didn't know when we left the road, how are we going to tell when we get back to it again?"

"Hark!" exclaimed Allan, pressing his chin arm close against his own. "Didn't you hear something then?"

Both boys listened an instant.

"It sounds like falling water," said Arthur. "Exactly. It must be Tensrock Falls themselves; so we're all right. All we've got to do is to follow the course of the brook, or whatever it is, till we come to a mill, or some other such building. Come on, old fellow; we'll be out of the woods pretty soon now."

Three or four times each struck his toe against a stump, but as they were now prepared for these obstacles, no disasters resulted therefrom, and presently they came to a region where whole trees were so thick that it seemed impossible that there could be any stubs of others between them.

ing but the snow cold slides of the ravine, with a dark streak running between them that he knew must be the brook.

"Well, I guess I'm at the half way stopping place, wherever that is," was the answer from below.

"But how did you get there without killing yourself?"

"What on?"

"The safest most of the way. I expect that tooth wash of yours has made pink bars where our skirts by this time."

"And aren't you hurt at all?"

"My left shoulder's a little tender where it grazed a bit of rock that tried to detain me on the way down. That's all the matter with me except that I can't get up."

"Can't get up? What do you mean?"

"Can't get back there so as to take another slide if I wanted to. I've been trying my best to crawl up ever since I began talking to you and it's no go."

"What's the matter? Have you hurt yourself and don't want to tell me?"

"If I only had a stick or something," said Allan. "I wonder if I couldn't find one on the ground somewhere under the snow. Just wait a sec, Art."

"Oh, there's no fear that I'll walk off. Don't worry about that."

Allan backed away from the verge and began to thrash about him in search of some slender, fallen branch that would answer his purpose.

"I can't find anything but a bush," he called out presently. "Hold on a minute, Art. I'll try to pull that up and see what I can do with it."

"The ground was frozen solid, there was no such thing as getting it up by the roots, and at length, after repeated trials, Allan was fain to take off his gloves, and with his fingers twisted the bush as tightly as he could, twisting it to the edge of the ravine, and lying down on the snow again, called out:

"Here, Art, see if you can hold this."

"Oh yes, I can lay hold of that fast to you, but you don't expect I'm going to trust my neck to twigs like that, do you?"

"No, but if you get a good grip on it I can work along the edge here towards the top of the slide and try to pull you up and what then, don't you see, if it breaks you'll only slip back again, not fall."

"But what about the satchel?"





I FELT MYSELF DRAWN IRRESISTIBLY DOWNWARD IN THE RIDDLES OF THE FOAMING WATER.

[This story commenced in No. 284.]

THE Golden Magnet

OR,

The Treasure Cave of the Incas.

By G. M. FENN.

Author of "In the Valley of New Mexico, etc.

CHAPTER V.

THE GREAT RIVER.

AT the very moment when it seemed that all chance of saving poor Tom was gone, when our arms were dragging out of their sockets, and I felt a strange fascination, joined to the weight, drawing me over the side of the precipice—the little gave a white squeal, shook its head for an instant, seized the tight rein in its teeth, and bit through. The next moment it gave a whinny of relief, planted its feet on my back as I half lay down, leaped over me, and was out of our way.

How we managed the next part I cannot say. All I know is that there was a horrible struggle, a scuffling rush, the panting groans of those who fought with grim death, and then I lay fainting upon the shelf, with Tom at my side.

"Thank Heaven!" I muttered.
"Anen, Harry!" said Tom, in a whisper; and then for some time no one spoke.
Half an hour after, very quiet and sober of mien, we were leading our mules down the shelf, unheeded and trembling, till once more the plain was reached, and with it rest for the night.

And so we journeyed on day after day, through heat and dust, and arid, stony lands; with my heart sinking lower and lower, and the thought of home not being so very bad a place after all continually forcing itself upon me, till our guide suddenly announced our proximity to the place I had come these thousands of miles to seek.

And now it was that from where it had sunk my heart gave a great leap of exultation, and I sat for long enough upon my bony mule drinking in the scene before me.

For the last three days our ride had been over stone and sand, with here and there a melancholy palm shooting up from the desert, the sun beating down and being reflected up in a way that was almost unbearable. Tom had been riding with his mouth open, panting like a dog, his face coated with perspiration and dust. When at night we had stopped at some wretched makeshift of an inn—a hut generally where a grass hammock and a little lukewarm water was the total accommodation—a wash or bath of any kind had been quite out of the question.

But now, as we were descending a steep mountain side, it seemed as if we had suddenly dropped into one of the most lovely spots on earth, riding at once right in beneath the shade of a huge forest, with a sea of green leaves spreading out before us in every direction.

By comparison the coolness was delightful, and we rode through a vast arcade over a golden network spread by the sun upon the grassy undergrowth; whilst from afar off came that sweetest of sounds to a parched and thirsty traveler—the murmuring of falling water, now soft and gentle, now increasing to a roar.

"Great river, senors," said our guide, pointing forward. "Senor Don Reuben Landell on other side."

"Say, Harry," said Tom just then, "they ain't sure where the Garden of Eden was, are they? I'm blest if I don't think we've found the very spot, and if— There she goes!"

I can't say whether Tom's mind was running just then upon Eve, but at a light, girlish figure seemed to flit into our sight, and stand gazing at us with bright and wondering eyes—mine did; and for a few minutes after she had disappeared amongst the trees I sat in my saddle without speaking.

But the glorious verdure around soon made me forget the fair vision; and now riding on a few paces, now halting at an opening in the forest, I sat drinking in the scene with the feelings of one in a dream.

Then we rode on a hundred yards up an ascent, with the sun full upon us once more, to descend a precipitous path, holding on tightly by the mule, which one expected to slip and hurt one down a gulf at the side; but the descent was so made, and then we stood gazing at a belt of cultivated ground, the forest and river lying off to our right.

"There is the river path, senors," said our

guide, "straight down. The ground is soft, and had for the mules, and I go back. You will find a gentleman to take you over the great river; but I would look about me; there are little snakes, the water boat, and the crocodiles of the river."

Then saluting us with his Spanish politeness, our guide stood while we possessed ourselves of our light luggage, and then led off his mules, leaving us to follow the pointed out direction, which took us down to the swampy bank of a great muddy river flowing gently by us, cutting its way, as it were, through a forest of mighty trees, whose stems shot up from the water's edge. There was a small canoe tethered to a sapling where the path ceased, but no sign of its owner; while half a mile in front, across the river, was an opening in the trees similar to that in which we stood, which was, doubtless, the path we were to pursue.

We stood in deep shadow; but the sun was flashing from the breast of the river as it rolled slowly on, its even surface unbroken save here and there by some water bird; while in several places what seemed to be rough tree trunks were floating slowly down the stream. The great trees were wreathed and festooned to the water's edge with parasites and vines; and now and then the shrill cry of some parrot rang out, the bird flashing into sight for an instant, and then disappearing amidst the glorious verdure.

"Well, Tom," said I, "this is different from our old home."

But he did not reply; and turning, I found him gazing fixedly amongst the swampy herbage, through which was a wet, muddy track, following the direction of his gaze and peering into the shade, I became aware of a pair of the most hideous, hateful eyes fixed upon me that I had ever seen.

I was heated with walking over the wet ground, and there was a warm, steamy exhalation rising around; but in a moment my tongue became dry and a cold perspiration bedewed my limbs, as, fascinated almost, I stood gazing within six feet of the monster, which now began slowly a retrograde motion till the herbage hid it from our sight. Then there was a loud rustling rust, a splash in the water, and wave after wave proclaimed the size of the beast that had, fortunately for us, declined to attack.

"It was a crocodile, Tom," said I, with a shiver. "And look—look! Why, the river swarms with them!"

"So it does, seemingly," exclaimed Tom, as I pointed out the slimy backs of half a score of them floating down the stream; for I could see now that they were no trees, while here and there on the muddy bank we could make out a solitary monster basking, open mouthed, in the sun.

"Come along," I said; "let's get over." Stepping close to the water's edge I drew the light canoe up by its bark rope, disturbing either a small reptile or some great fish as I did so, for there was a rushing swirl in the water, and the frail vessel rocked to and fro.

In spite of Tom's declarations to the effect that such a peck shock would sink with us, I stepped in and he followed; when, taking the paddles, we pushed off and began to make our way out into the stream, Tom's eyes glancing around as he dipped in his paddle cautiously, expecting every moment that it would touch a crocodile.

Using our paddles—clumsily enough, as may be supposed—we made some way, and then paused to consider whether we should go forward or backward. We had at one and the same time arrived at the knowledge that the strong stream was our master, and that, until we had attained to some skill in the use of the paddles, any progress up stream towards the landing place was out of the question.

"We must get across lower and round," I said, "and then walk back."

"What! I through the wood, Harry?"

"Yes, through the wood."

"No, don't do that, Harry. We shall be eaten up alive! Those woods swarm with snakes—I know they do. And just look there!" he cried, splashing fiercely with his paddle to frighten a huge reptile, but without effect; for the great beast came slowly floating down in all its native hideousness, its rugged, bark-like back and the rough prominence above its eyes projecting from the muddy water, the eye peering at us with the baleful look peculiar to this ferocious beast.

The next minute it had passed us, and we were once more paddling slowly on, the river having swept us quite out of sight of the landing place.

But the sights around were so novel that I rather enjoyed our journey. In spite of Tom's anxiety, every now and then I ceased paddling to gaze at some bright-plumaged bird flitting from tree to tree overhanging the stream.

THE AWAKENING.

MEMORANDUM I saw the fair Spring stand
Behind the brook with outstretched hand,
"Oh, Brook," she cried, "look up to me,
My sunshine here shall set you free."
The brook gazed through its prison bar
Of ice and snow, where glimmering far
The warm rays of sunlight broke
And all the sleeping world awoke.
A rippling smile crept o'er its face;
It scintillated by a glancing trace,
A thought of happy summers fled
Across it from its wintry bed.
A moment it took, then rose up strong,
With rattling, rushing, happy song:
Broke through the ice, and, dashing free,
Soon lost itself in a summer sea.

[This story commenced in No. 278.]

THE
Basket of Diamonds;

OR,

HOPE EVERTON'S INHERITANCE.

BY GATLE WINTERBORN.

CHAPTER XII.

THE GUARDIAN OF THE STORE.

WHILE Rowly was taking the steps to secure his freedom from the straps that bound him, the two burglars were busily at work at the safe, which was on one side, near the middle of the long store. They were so engrossed in their occupation that they did not give a thought to the prisoner they had secured, for no one could have suspected that Rowly had any chance against the strong straps that bound him hand and foot.

Set in the top of the low counter where the bundles were tied was a knife blade, with which the two were cutting off. The young clerk thought of it because he had been required to sharpen it in the afternoon. The blade was fixed perpendicularly on the top board of the counter, and quite near the edge of it.

With his hand fastened behind him, it was not an easy thing for the prisoner to get upon his feet, which was necessary to do in order to set up his plan of execution. He had crawled on his back, like a snake, by hitching along on the floor, making only a few inches at each movement, but he reached his destination after long and hard work.

After resting himself for a few minutes, for he was quite out of breath from his exertions, he placed the back of his head against the frame of the counter, working as he had before, to get in an upright direction.

Every few minutes he paused to get his breath, and to assure himself that the burglars were not observing him; they still confined their attention to the safe, and he could hear a sound as of a drill working into iron or steel.

As soon as he could get his fettered hands from the top of the counter, his task became easier, and he was soon on his feet, with his back to the knife.

Now he was facing the operators at the safe then, but they had put out the gas light nearest to them, so that no curious policeman, if he looked in at the glass door, could see them, and the prisoner could only distinguish their dark forms.

Rowly felt the knife with his hands; but he found it a very difficult matter to turn the blade between his wrist and the strap without cutting himself.

By changing the position of his body

several times, he at last accomplished his purpose, and then began to move his hands up and down, so that the knife would sever the leather. When the blade was in the right position to do its work, the rest was easily accomplished, for he had done his work faithfully in the afternoon, and the blade was as keen on the edge as a mechanic's tool.

With a feeling of exultation which almost drew an exclamation from him, he felt the strap loosen on his wrists, and realized that he again had the use of his hands.

But Rowly was a prudent young man, as we have before declared, and he avoided any injudicious action, but settled down on the floor again so that the lights near him should not reveal his position to the burglars.

Naturally his next movement was to remove the strap from his ankles, and then he shook his legs to overcome the numbness his close confinement had produced in them.

Thus far he had confined his reflections to the subject of freeing himself from his bonds, for he could do nothing without the use of his hands and feet. But

that he would not have left the store even if Mr. Brillyant's wife or daughter had required him to do so; and he judged the ancient clerk by his own standard of duty.

If the burglars discovered that he had removed the straps, they would do their work better, and, to secure him so that he could not move, if they did not take his life, as they certainly would do if their own safety demanded such an act.

It did not take Rowly long to mature

at the police precinct for at least a full minute.

The pressure made no noise in the store, and the men at the safe were not disturbed in their occupation. Rowly looked and listened with all his might, but they did not intermit their labor.

The next step of the game would be the store was to reach a position near the front door, so that he could unlock it for the admission of the officers.

As he reached the vicinity of the safe, he moved in greater safety, hurrying as much as he dared, for he feared the officers would reach the door, and make a noise which would cause the burglars to retreat and retire by the window in the rear.

It was a difficult matter to unlock the door and shove back the big bolts without making any noise. Rowly worked as though his life depended upon his skill and discretion, as perhaps it did.

Taking off his coat, he pressed the garment against the enormous lock as he slowly and anxiously turned the key. He found that the muffling of the lock was decided success, for he heard but a slight snap when the great bolts went back from the socket on the door post.

Another lock was then disposed of in the same way, and so were the two huge bolts; but the officers had not yet arrived, or if they had, they had gone to the back door which was the most likely place for a break. The door was unfastened, and there was nothing to prevent the guardians of the night from coming in as soon as they arrived.

But the young watchman did not feel quite safe, for the burglars might take it into their heads to make a tour of the store to satisfy themselves that they were not likely to be interrupted when they came to the finish of the job.

Crawling to the drawer, near the front of the store, he took one of the revolvers and placed it in his pocket. Thus prepared for the worst, he returned to the front door to await the arrival of help.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE HIGH WINDOW IN THE REAR.

WHILE He stood with his hand on the Broadway door, Rowly felt perfectly safe, for he could rush out into the street on the appearance of danger.

The guardian of the store thought he had made half an hour for the coming of the officers, though the time was really hardly more than five minutes, for seconds of anxiety lengthen themselves out into minutes.

Then in his impatience he began to wonder if the electric wire was in working order, for it had been recently put in, and had never been tested by actual use in any emergency.

His heart seemed to come up into his throat when he thought of the possibility that the confederate traitor in the employ of the firm had disabled this means of calling in assistance.

It was time something was done, for the operators at the safe might finish their work at any minute, and secure their booty before the appearance of the officers.

But there were policemen in the street, and one had been known to be in the place where he was most needed. It was a risky step to take, but Rowly decided to open the door and go in search of assistance.

With the same care that he had used in moving the bolts and unlocking the door, he opened it just wide enough to admit the passage of his body, and slipped out. Closing the door, he turned back, and opened it, he stood in the doorway a moment to decide what he should do next.



REACHING UP, ROWLY PRESSED THE BUTTON OF THE ELECTRIC BELL.

he was free now, and he began to consider what he should do next. He wondered that Mr. Amlock did not return, for the time to which he had limited his absence had expired at least an hour before, and perhaps it was two hours.

Rowly knew that the safe was an old fashioned one, and that the firm did not rely so much upon it for the safety of their property as they did upon the watch they kept up in the store, with the connection by wire with the precinct office. He did not believe that the operators would find it a very difficult job to get to the interior of the safe, though he could not see in what manner they intended to effect their object.

He felt that the safety of hundreds of thousands of dollars of property depended upon him alone, for Mr. Amlock had been faithful to his trust as Rowly viewed the matter. He was very sure

his plan of action, and the first thing he did was to remove his shoes so that he could carry out his plan without noise. His scheme was not an elaborate one, and it did not include meddling with the operators at the safe himself, for he was not in favor of doing "a big thing" at the risk of his own safety.

He had considered the idea of getting possession of the two revolvers in the drawer, and blaring away at the burglars, but he was not skilled in the use of the weapon, and Blooms might be armed, if Silky was not. A failure in this brilliant method of settling the problem, brought about by being shot in his attempt to shoot the burglars, would leave him nothing to hope for, and place the vast property in the store at the mercy of the operators.

He preferred the less brilliant means of resorting to the electric bell; but even then the officers could not get into the store except by breaking down the front door, which would give the burglars time to escape, unless the policemen had the forethought to go to the back street, and then the burglars would have him nothing to hope for, and place the vast property in the store at the mercy of the operators.

On his hands and knees, he commenced his progress towards the electric bell, which was located about opposite the safe where the burglars were at work. He moved as noiselessly as though he was gliding through the air, and the gloom the villain had created in this part of the store favored him.

He reached his destination without being observed, and reaching up, he pressed the button, keeping his finger on it for a considerable time, so as to produce a continuous clatter of the bell

At this moment he saw a man alight from a horse car in the street, and move with uncertain step towards him; and by the light of a neighboring street lamp he recognized Mr. Amlock. But what a matter with that fellow? Was he intoxicated? He certainly reeled, though he did not act altogether like a man who has been drinking. When he was upon the sidewalk he seemed to stiffen up his frame, and walked to the door, where he immediately discovered his associate.

"How do you do, Row?" he asked, in a feeble, rather than a maudlin tone.

"Of course it is; and that's you, Mr. Amlock," replied him. "Was it the matter with you? Have you been drinking?"

"I don't know. You know that I never drink, Rowley," replied the senior, trying to brash himself up so as to appear like a man, though he was not one at that moment.

"What makes you not, then?"

"I don't know; something ails me, but I don't know what it is. I feel very sleepy, and I can hardly keep my eyes open," stammered Mr. Amlock. "I will go into the store and lie down."

"But yet if you are," interposed Rowley, as she placed himself firmly against the door.

"How do you not?" asked the senior, in a tone and with a manner which indicated that he was more than half stupefied.

"I must use the ladder, and I am in the store, and I am waiting for assistance to come from the precinct office," replied Rowley. "I think you had better go home for you, for you know what you are about, whatever may be the cause of it."

"Burglars in the store! Then I am ruined!" groaned the unhappy man, rousing himself from his lethargy.

"You shouldn't wonder," added the faithful guardian of the store, who had hardly pitied his associate after his neglect of duty. "But here are my men; and I must be more going to the precinct office."

Two stout officers presented themselves at this moment; but they were not out of the store, and did not seem to have hurried themselves to answer the summons of the bell.

"What is the row here?" asked one of them in a matter of fact tone, not at all in keeping with the inner excitement of Rowley.

"After enough, I should say. I thought you were never coming," added Rowley.

"I had to get up and dress ourselves, and it isn't more than five minutes since the alarm was given at the office," replied one of them.

"Why don't you tell us at once what the trouble is?" said the other, who did not seem to be pleased with the young man's implied criticism of the officers.

"There are two burglars in the store at work on the safe, and they must have a hole in it by this time," replied Rowley, rather excited.

"Show us where they are," said one of the officers, taking the matter very seriously.

"The door is unfastened, and the safe where they are at work is on the right of the store, about half way to the rear."

"If you would let us go in, for I want to go to the rear and prevent them from coming out, as they will try to as soon as they see you."

"You are nothing but a chicken, and do you expect to head them off?" asked Stiles, in a good natured officer.

"I think I can fix things there so that they cannot get out the way they got in," replied Rowley, coming forward.

"I will go to the rear door, and go in that way while you go in at this door, Stiles," said Snawly, the ill-tempered partner.

"I don't want any fooling with a boy."

"Then they will get out at the front door," suggested Rowley, as indignantly as he could.

"I think the boy is right," added Stiles. "How did the breakers get in, then?"

"By a ladder in a window near the ceiling."

"Then they left the ladder within reach, so that they could use it to get out with; and the boy can take it out of the way as well as a man; it weighs too much," reasoned Stiles; and Snawly yielded to the argument.

As Rowley abandoned his place with his back to the door, Mr. Amlock did not seem to consider overhead what had been said, made a move to go in at the door.

"Don't let him go in, if you please," interposed the faithful guardian of the store, not knowing who he is about and he will be in your way."

"I can't get in that way, one side and put his broad back against the door. The senior clerk seemed more overcome than the arrival, and he seated himself on the doorstep, apparently unconscious of the presence of Rowley and the officers.

"I think you can slip in at the door, as I cannot do so," said the senior clerk, "glaring," suggested Rowley, as he hurried around to the back street.

"How he reached the rear door, he found the ladder lying on the narrow sidewalk, where it could be of no possible use to the burglars up twelve feet or more above it."

It looked as though Blooks, who had been the last to enter at the window, had thrown it down, so that it might not attract the attention of the possible passer by.

As the young clerk was about to raise it, he put his hand on a small cord, and he found it fastened to the door, and then he understood the precaution which Blooks had taken. The other end of the cord was fastened to the window, so that the ladder could be raised when it should be wanted.

There was as yet nothing to indicate that the officers were in the store, and they seemed to be giving them a long time to perform their part of the duty.

Rowley was too curious and anxious to wait long without a sight of the interior of the store, and he raised the ladder to the former position, so that he could see the window, and found that all was still within. He could not see the officers or the burglars, and he was not sure that he had not been deceived.

He got hold of the ladder on the inside of the store, and very carefully drew it up, so that it was out of the way of the burglars, and he found it on the sidewalk in the street.

Still the officers did not pounce on their prey, and Rowley devoted himself to an examination of the safe, which was not light enough for him to see that the screws must have been removed from the hinges, and the door was open.

The pieces of wood were all there, and it was still impossible for a person to get the outside to take them out, and the glass in the sash had not been cut or broken.

The report of a pistol assured him the officers had succeeded on the burglars.

CHAPTER XIV.

AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

ROWLEY saw the flash of the pistol in the comparative gloom of the middle of the store, and he judged that the shot was fired by one of the burglars, and he rushed to the door, and operators leap over the counter, and rush towards the window by which they had entered. The observer was glad that he had removed the ladder.

The officers had gone behind the counter in their approach to the scene of operations, and they could not see the burglars, and they were not able to follow the rapid movements of Silky and his companion.

"The ladder is gone!" exclaimed the former, in his dismay. "Make for the front door, Blooks."

Silky led the way, and dodged in behind the show counter, on the other side of the store. Rowley wondered if Stiles, who seemed to be the leading man of the pair of officers, had secured the door.

Rowley did not wait to observe the proceedings any further; but he thought he could see the burglars, and he rushed towards the rear door, where he found the burglars much better than it had been done.

He descended the ladder with all possible haste, removing it from the open window, and rushing with all his might around to the front of the store. He reached his home, and he was not able to see both of the burglars issue from the door, and dart off at top speed.

"Stop thief! Stop thief!" he shouted with all his might, as he gave chase to the two men.

The burglars turned into the first side street, and they were not able to follow, shouting his warning notes as he proceeded.

"Stop thief! Stop thief!" cried Silky, taking up the cry, and his example was imitated by Blooks.

Suddenly both of the burglars wheeled about, and began to run towards Rowley, who was rather startled at this movement on their part, for he concluded that they intended to assault him.

But he was not at all times suggested, before Rowley was a prudent young man, and he did not at all like this phase in the drama, for it was now nearly or quite dark, and there were very few people in the street.

He could not hope to contend successfully against two tall gruff men, and he could do nothing but run away. Coming about, he started off in the direction of the corner at the best speed; and the villains followed him.

Before he could reach Broadway again, a man stepped out of a doorway and he had evidently laid in wait for the victim of Silky's trick could not tell whether his captives were a policeman or not, but he handled him very roughly.

"What are you about?" demanded Rowley, indignantly. "Let me alone."

"I am a policeman, and you are a thief," said Silky, coming up at this stage of the proceedings.

"I am a private watchman," replied the man, still clutching his victim.

"Hold on to him, and don't let him go, and I'll be a policeman in a couple of minutes," added Silky, as he resumed his hurried flight.

"Those men are the ones who broke into the store," said the policeman, gazing at Rowley, as soon as he could recover his breath from the shaking the man gave him.

"But they say you are a thief," replied the private watchman, puzzled over the conflicting stories.

"I believe me, take me to the store, for there are two officers there that called in," pleaded the young clerk, who was not at all satisfied with the turn of the tables upon him by the burglar.

"That is an easy thing to do, for the store is in the rear of the man, as he led his prisoner in that direction."

"That was an ugly trick they played on me, for I was chasing them, and first they turned round and caught me."

"We shall soon know all about it," said the watchman. "What is your name?"

"Rowland Parkway; and I am a clerk in the store of Brilliant & Co."

"Let us go to the rear door, and don't relax his hold on his prisoner."

A walk of a few minutes more brought them to the store, where they found the two officers standing at the door.

"What's the matter, my spring chicken?" demanded Snawly, who was the first to recognize the clerk.

"Where have you been, my lad?" asked Stiles, almost in the same breath. "We wanted you to look out for the store so that the burglars could not get in."

"Then you know this young fellow!" added the private watchman, releasing his hold on him.

"We found him in this store, and he let us in from the inside, so that I suppose he belongs here," replied Stiles, and he set right on his way.

The watchman told his story, and laughed at the trick Silky had put upon him.

"I am sorry you did not take one of the two men," added Stiles. "It looks as though we had lost them now. We will go in and see if they have done."

The watchman made a mild apology for the mistake he had made, and went to the rear door, and he was not in his charge. Stiles led the way into the store, and Rowley secured all the locks as soon as he was inside.

Mr. Amlock had tied himself in a chair near the door, and he had gone to sleep in the most uncomfortable position in which he could get himself.

"Who is this man?" asked Stiles. "You let him into the store as though he belonged here."

"He belongs here, and he is the senior clerk in the establishment," replied Rowley. "He and I were on watch for some time."

"What is the matter with him? Has he been drinking?" inquired Snawly, as he gave the steeper a rude shake which would have roused any one from an ordinary slumber.

"He said he had drunk nothing, and it is understood in the store that he never drinks anything. A woman screamed just outside of the door, and he let her in when he did me."

"What was the woman for?"

"She said a man had caught hold of her as she came out of the office where she was working, and she was afraid."

Mr. Van Zandt, the junior partner of the firm, and Mr. Amlock went to see her, and they found her from the door, and one of the burglars said that it was a trick to get him out of the store while they committed the robbery."

"How old she is, you think the woman was?" asked Stiles.

"About thirty, I should say," answered Rowley, who had been rather surprised before, though a woman's age is a rather uncertain thing to estimate.

"Was she good looking?"

"I thought so; but perhaps I am not a good judge," replied the clerk with a laugh.

"I'll bet all my old boots that Kidd Ashbank had a finger in this pie!" exclaimed Stiles. "That woman is his wife, and she is a very good-looking woman."

She did in this instance. She lives like a lady, and I have no doubt she took this stately fellow into her parlor, and gave him a private lesson in the use of morphine, or something of that sort; and that is what is the matter with him just now."

Rowley asked some questions about the husband of the siren, and came to the conclusion that it was the same man who did not fit the description of him at all.

Stiles and the other officer carried the ancient clerk to the bed under the counter provided for the waiter, and left him in a more comfortable position than he had chosen for himself.

The examination of the store, and especially the safe where the burglars had been at work for a couple of hours. They had bored a hole through the door of the safe, and had found the door open, and they were interrupted by the advance of the officers.

The officers remained in the store till morning, and when all was quiet, Rowley brought out the boots he had found in the store, and he compared the nails in the heels with the description of the paper.

He had not expected to make such a discovery, but the positions of the nails corresponded exactly in every respect with the paper.

(To be continued.)

With the reader for THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

What can you get your money for?

CENTRIES OF TELEPHONING.

SOLOMON was lured by a promise as well as a wise man when he declared that there was nothing to be gained by the use of the telephone.

We were told, years ago that gunpowder and printing were known to the Chinese away back in the remote ages, and now comes the *Daily Graphic* with the assertion that the priests of India have had telephones in their temples for thousands of years.

Its authority is a well known New Yorker, lately returned from a two years' stay in the land of jungles.

"I was in a town called Aquino," he says, "and while there I became acquainted with an English officer named Harrington, who was a prime favorite with the natives, and on one occasion he had saved a priest from drowning."

"There are two temples in the village about a mile from the town, and the ground floor of each is a small circular structure, which is guarded day and night from the natives as well as from the priests, and the priests are allowed to place the 'governing spirit,' but in the case of the temples, the priests are not allowed to enter the temple, and the priest is laid underground from one building to the other."

"The suspicious natives regarded this little structure with the greatest awe and reverence, because they had seen demonstrated before their eyes that the spirits of the dead could be made to communicate with the other temple. They were required to make their offering in the building, and make known their desires, and then immediately repairing to the second floor, the priest would enter the temple, and he had said and done, although neither priest had left his post. This was regarded as a demonstration of the power of the spirits."

"We were unable to determine the composition of the wire that connected the two buildings, but it was made of metal, but not of steel, copper nor brass, although it closely resembled the wire of the telegraph, and was made of the size of the head of a four

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